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CHORAL READINGS *for* FUN and RECREATION

Selections for Young People of All Ages

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CHORAL READINGS
for
FUN
and
RECREATION

Edited by
HELEN A. BROWN
and
HARRY J. HELTMAN
Editors of CHORAL READING FOR WORSHIP AND INSPIRATION and CHORAL READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

Philadelphia
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Introduction

Choral Readings for Fun and Recreation is the third volume in a series of anthologies of literature compiled for the choral use of young people in their several organized group activities.

The first two books, *Choral Reading for Worship and Inspiration* and *Choral Readings from the Bible*, were prepared for the particular contribution they make to religious education and church worship programs. This present work will take its place along with singing, ritual, games, and all the other items which make enjoyable the summer camp, the jamboree, or any other of a dozen or more occasions when youth get together for a good time.

To get the maximum of fun and enjoyment from reading aloud together or reciting the selections from Choral Readings for Fun and Recreation, no particular training or talent is needed by group leaders, counselors, directors, or by the participating members of any activity or recreational group. The sole purpose of the choral reading of verse, as presented in this book, is to provide a unique and stimulating medium through which each individual member of any group can take part on an equal basis with everyone else.

Anyone who can read, or even memorize by rote, gets a chance to take his turn, without having any particularly special talent for doing it. Incidentally, it can be demonstrated that a youngster who has been drawing attention to himself through pranks or other obstreperous behavior will easily slip "into line" if he is given an important solo part in choral reading.

It is not at all necessary to have what may be called good performers to make the activity thoroughly enjoyable. Neither do certain kinds of voices need to be selected for special parts. A solo may well be assigned, on occasion, to a particular individual for the simple reason that he would like to do it.

The object of this particular kind of choral reading, it should be emphasized, is to delight those who are taking part, not to entertain an audience. In accomplishing this, the end result will be self-expression at its highest level, and easily obtained through a simple group activity.

And yet, at the same time, all parts assigned to individuals or to the groups indicated are so arranged as to provide excellent entertainment for any assembly, large or small, that wants to listen while others perform.

How to Begin

First, the *Leader*, who is any person temporarily in charge of the activity, reads aloud, for the "choralers," the selection chosen for that occasion. This is done to make the meaning and mood clear to the group.

Next, as indicated by the directives over the lines at the exact spot where each applies, the leader assigns the different parts — solos, duets, trios, quartets, etc. If preferred, the group itself, instead of the leader, may decide which of its number will take the solos.

The remaining directives — Divisions and Groups — are taken by whatever grouping is simplest or most convenient for those parts.

The Directives

Leader. The person in charge, as explained above.

Solo. An individual selected at random, by the leader or by choice of the group. Numbers 1, 2, 3, etc., which follow *Solo*, mean that a different person speaks for each number.

Solos should be passed around so that each individual, sooner or later, may have the opportunity to "shine" in this particular way, meager as it may seem. Where there are more solos provided than there are soloists present, let them repeat in numerical order.

Do not make talent the basis for assignment of particular parts. If you do, then a special few will become *the* performers, in an exhibition where the others can be little more than listeners.

Duet. Two speaking in unison. When this directive follows two solos, the two soloists may join for the duet. *Duet* is used, also, as the first step in a crescendo, and is followed, in turn, by *Trio*, *Quartet*, etc.

Group. This directive, followed as it is by numerals, 1, 2, 3, and 4, is used for variety, particularly where there is a sequence of words or phrases of similar import. Also, it is used at times for increasing emphasis in sequences, by combining two or more groups.

Assignments of *Groups* may be arranged in ways that provide each group with about the same number of speakers. It can be done by ages, cabin or tent groups, seating at tables, or by different rows or columns when in assembly. Squads make convenient and easily workable groupings when hiking.

Division (*Div.*). For this directive, the group taking part is divided into two approximately equal sections. Some line of demarcation will be of help. For example, it may be two opposite sides of a cabin or tent, halves of the circle around the campfire, or the center aisle in an assembly room, with Div. 1 on the right side and Div. 2 on the left. In a mixed group, Div. 1 may be the girls and Div. 2 the boys.

All. Everyone speaking in unison. Often used when the personal pronoun "I," or "me," clearly means everyone, though each speaks for himself. For example:

Solo
I had to grin, to think about
All
The fun I had before they caught me.*

Do not be disturbed by frequent change in directives for the various parts in the choral arrangement. Each one contributes added zest, or effectiveness, to the expression of mood and meaning. The transitions are easy to make by providing for a definite pause of, say, two full seconds. This pause is suggested within the line, in most instances, by wider spacing between the words. The leader may count, either silently or aloud, "One, two," or tap his foot two counts, until the group gets the feeling of the rhythm.

In conclusion, it may be well to point out that for a perfect setting for the use of the limericks found in the section "About Stuff and Nonsense," nothing could be better than hiking. These jingles are in "four-four" time, they are gleeful, and, above all, easy to learn and easy to do.

*From "Incorrigible," page 24.

In Come de Animals

FOLK SONG

Div. 1 *Duet 1*
In come de animals, two by two;
Solo 1 *Solo 2*
Hippopotamus and kangaroo.
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.
Div. 2 *Trio 1*
In come de animals, three by three;
Duet 2 *Solo 3*
Two big cats and a bumblebee.
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.
Div. 1 *Quartet 1*
In come de animals, four by four;
Duet 3 *Duet 4*
Two through de window and two through de door.
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.
Div. 2 *Quintet 1*
In come de animals, five by five;
Group 1 *Group 2*
Almost dead, and hardly alive.
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.
Div. 1 *Sextet*
In come de animals, six by six;
Trio 2 *Trio 3*
Three with clubs and three with sticks.
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Div. 2
In come de animals, seven by seven;
Quartet 2 *Group 3*
Four from hell and the others from heaven.
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.
Div. 1
In come de animals, eight by eight;
Quartet 3 *Group 4*
Four on time and the others late.
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.
Div. 2
In come de animals, nine by nine;
Quartet 4 *Quintet 2*
Four in front and five behind.
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.
Solo 4
In come de animals, ten by ten;
Quintet 3 *Quintet 4*
Five big roosters and five big hens.
All
DEM BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN.

Walking the Dog

ETHEL JACOBSON

Group 1
He tells me in a dozen ways
All
When he wants to take a walk:
Group 2 *Group 3* *Group 4*
He paws, he yelps, he brings his leash.
Solo 1
"But it's too wet!" I squawk.
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
"I'm tired. I want to go to bed. I —"
Solo 2
I take a walk!

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Old Pappy Coon

ALFRED I. TOOKE

Group 1
Old Pappy Coon lives down in the hollow.
Group 2
Old Pappy Coon has a creek all his own.
Group 3
Old Pappy Coon has a trail he can follow
All
To a crawdad supper, on a smooth, flat stone,
Solo 1
With a leaning pine, growing out of the shale there,
Div. 1
To climb in the moonlight to see all around,
Div. 2
Or plop in the water from, to break his trail there
All
And swim off to safety from hunter or hound.

Group 4
Old Pappy Coon comes to visit my camp there,
Solo 2
To lap up a saucer of sweet, fresh milk.
Div. 1
Looking out, I can see the old scamp there,
Solo 3
His coat in the moonlight ashine like silk.
All
Old Pappy Coon is a mighty nice neighbor —
Solo 4 *Solo 5*
Minds his own business, and I mind mine.
Div. 2
We don't interfere with each other's play or labor;
Duet *All*
There's room for us both, and we get along fine.

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Canine Chorus

RICHARD WHEELER

Group 1
At night when a neighborhood canine
Solo 1
Starts barking, I note with chagrin
Div. 1
That often, with little delay, nine —
All
Or ten of his fellows join in.

Group 2
The number of barkers keeps growing
Div. 2
Till dogs are complaining for squares,
Solo 2
With only the first barker knowing
All
What started the state of affairs.

Group 3
And when the first dog should be finished —
Solo 3
When cause for alarm disappears —
Div. 1
His barking goes on, undiminished,
All
Because of the barking *he* hears.

Solo 4
And that's how the dogs in my section —
Div. 2 *Group 4*
The mighty of voice and the small —
Solo 4 *Solo 5*
Wind up, to my frequent dejection,
All
In full cry at nothing at all.

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The Crosspatch

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Solo 1
Kag, the Porcupine, poked out his nose
All
(He lived in the wilds where the Allegash flows).
Group 1 *Group 2*
His temper was surly, his hair wasn't curly,
Group 3 *Div. 1*
He'd risen too early, which heightened his woes.

Solo 2
Kag, the Porcupine, lumbered along,
Group 4
There wasn't a thing in the woods but was wrong.
Div. 2
The world as created was much overrated;
All
And, oh! how he hated that "Chick-a-dee" song!

Solo 3
Kag, the Porcupine, lurched on his way,
Duet
The Fox and the Wolverine wished him "Good day,"
All
But Kag only mumbled as onward he tumbled.
Solo 4
"Some people," he grumbled, "have too much to say."

All
Kag, the Porcupine, grumped to the hills,
Group 1
"These sociable folks are the worst of my ills!
Solo 5 *Group 2*
I wish I were prickly and stickly!" And quickly
He found himself thickly provided with quills!
Solo 6
Kag, the Porcupine, nibbles a cone,

Groups 3 and 4
The thistliest, bristliest quadruped known!
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
And nobody frets him, and nobody pets him,
All
But everybody lets him severely alone!

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Bugs

MARGARET WISE BROWN

Solo 1
I like bugs.
Group 1 *Group 2*
Black bugs, green bugs,
Group 3 *Group 4*
Bad bugs, mean bugs,
All
Any kind of bug.

Solo 2
A bug in a rug,
Solo 3
A bug in the grass,
Solo 4
A bug on the sidewalk,
Solo 5
A bug in a glass —
All
I like bugs.

Group 1 *Group 2*
Round bugs, shiny bugs,
Group 3 *Group 4*
Fat bugs, buggy bugs,
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
Big bugs, ladybugs,
All
I like bugs.

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The Tom-cat

DON MARQUIS

Solo 1
At midnight in the alley
A Tom-cat comes to wail,
All
And he chants the hate of a million years
As he swings his snaky tail.

Group 1 *Group 2* *Group 3*
He twists and crouches and capers
Group 4
And bares his curved sharp claws,
Solo 2
And he sings to the stars of jungle nights
All
Ere cities were, or laws.

Group 1
He will lie on a rug tomorrow
Group 2
And lick his silken fur,
Group 3
And veil the brute in his yellow eyes
Group 4 *All*
And play he's tame, and purr.

Solo 3
But at midnight in the alley
Div. 1
He will crouch again and wail,
Div. 2
And beat the time for his demon's song
All
With the swing of his demon's tail.

From *Poems and Portraits*, by Don Marquis. Copyright, 1922, by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

The Cow

OLIVER HERFORD

All
The cow is too well known, I fear,
To need an introduction here.

Solo 1
If she should vanish from earth's face

All
It would be hard to fill her place;

Solo 2
For with the cow would disappear

Div. 1
So much that everyone holds dear.

Group 1
Oh, think of all the boots and shoes,

Group 2 *Group 3* *Group 4*
Milk punches, Gladstone bags, and stews,

Div. 2
And things too numerous to count,

Solo 3
Of which, my child, she is the fount.

Div. 1 *Div. 2*
Let's hope, at least, the fount may last

All
Until our generation's past.

Reprinted from *More Animals*, by Oliver Herford; copyright, 1901, 1929, by Oliver Herford; used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Screech Owl

LOLA INGRES RUSSO

All
A screech owl's cry has a creepy sound,
Solo 1 *Solo 2* *Solo 3*
A grieving, quivery, weepy sound;
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
It isn't a screech, or even a moan,
All
Nor anything like a sleepy sound.
Group 1 *Group 2*
With a mad cat's face, his ears laid back,
Duet
Two great round eyes in an angry stare,
Solo 4
A screech owl quavers his shuddering call,
All
A cry that will curl your hair.
Group 3 *Group 4*
When the sky is black or the moon is red,
Solo 5 *Group 1*
His bill goes "clack" and a mouse is dead.
Solo 6 *Group 2*
Listen! Hear him over your head
Group 3 *Solo 7* *Solo 8*
With his weepy, creepy, shivery cry,
Group 4 *Solo 9* *All*
His mournful, lonesome, quivery cry?

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The Wolf

GEORGIA ROBERTS DURSTON

Group 1 *Group 2*
When the pale moon hides and the wild wind wails,
Group 3
And over the treetops the night hawk sails,
Div. 1
The gray wolf sits on the world's far rim,
All
And howls: and it seems to comfort him.

Solo 1
The wolf is a lonely soul, you see,
Group 4 *Group 1*
No beast in the wood, nor bird in the tree,
Solo 2 *Group 2*
But shuns his path; in the windy gloom
They give him plenty, and plenty of room.

Solo 3
So he sits with his long, lean face to the sky
Div. 1
Watching the ragged clouds go by.
Group 3 *Solo 4* *Solo 5*
There in the night, alone, apart,
Div. 2
Singing the song of his lone, wild heart.

Group 4
Far away, on the world's dark rim
Solo 6 *All*
He howls, and it seems to comfort him.

Getting Out of Bed

ELEANOR FARJEON

All
Up with you, lazybones!
Over the brink!
Group 1
Don't stop to pick up heart,
Group 2
Don't stop to think,
Groups 3 and 4
Don't stop for *any*thing!
Div. 1
Jump out of bed,
Div. 2
Gather your garments
All
Wherever they're shed.

Group 1
The chair has your stocking,
Group 2
The table your vest,
Group 3
Your shoe's in the fender,
Group 4
Your shirt's on the chest,
All
Your belt's on the doorknob,
Solo
And you are in bed;
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
Wake yourself, shake yourself,
All
Up, sleepyhead!

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If I Should Die Tonight

BEN KING

Solo 1
If I should die tonight

Group 1
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,

Group 2
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay —

Solo 2
If I should die tonight,

Group 3
And you should come with deepest grief and woe —

Solo 3
And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"

Div. 1
I might arise in my large white cravat

Solo 4
And say, "What's that?"

Div. 2
If I should die tonight

Group 4
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,

Group 1
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,

Solo 5
I say, if I should die tonight

Group 2
And you should come to me, and there and then

Groups 3 and 4
Just even hint 'bout paying me that ten,

Solo 6
I might arise the while,

All
But I'd drop dead again.

The Prayer of Cyrus Brown

SAM WALTER FOSS

Group 1
"The proper way for a man to pray,"
Solo 1
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
Div. 1
"And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees."

Group 2
"No, I should say the way to pray,"
Solo 2
Said Reverend Doctor Wise,
Div. 2
"Is standing straight with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes."

Group 3 *Solo 3*
"Oh, no; no, no," said Elder Slow,
Group 3
"Such posture is too proud:
Div. 1
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

Div. 2
"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
Group 4
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,"
Solo 4
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.

Solo 5
"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well
Solo 6
Headfirst," said Cyrus Brown,

Group 1
"With both my heels astickin' up,
Solo 7
My head apintin' down;

Group 2
"An' I made a prayer right then an' there —
Group 3
Best prayer I ever said,
Group 4
The prayin'est prayer I ever prayed,
Solo 8
Astandin' on my head."

He Understood

ANNA V. CULBERTSON

Solo 1
Robin rashly kissed my hand.
Solo 2
Thereupon I gave command,
"Leave me, sir, or else refrain
Doing this bold deed again.
All
Once for all, pray understand,
You do wrong to kiss my hand."

Solo 3
Robin heeded my command —
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
He stayed, nor kissed again my hand.
Solo 4
Yet he doth not mope or sigh;
All
What can be the reason why?
Solo 5 *All*
This I told him: "Understand,
Solo 6
You do wrong to kiss — my *hand.*"

If I Can't Sleep, I Do This

JOHN BAILEY

Group 1 *Group 2*
I lie on my stomach, I lie on my back,
Div. 1
I draw my knees up to my chin,
Solo 1 *Solo 2*
I stretch both my feet, I straighten the sheet,
All
And then, once again, I begin;
Group 3 *Group 4*
I lie on my stomach, I lie on my back,
Div. 2
I lie on my left side and right;
Solo 3 *Solo 4*
I stretch both my feet, I straighten the sheet . . .
All
Well, this sometimes continues all night.

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Incorrigible

BURGES JOHNSON

olo 1
I guess I'm as bad as I can be,
Group 1
'Cause after uncle found and yanked me
Out of that old apple tree,
Group 2
And after dad came home and spanked me,
Group 3
And while my teacher told me things
Solo 2
About the narrow path of duty,
Div. 1
And how an education brings
The only truly joy and beauty,
Solo 3
And while she said she didn't doubt
Div. 2
They'd wasted all the good they'd taught me,
Solo 4
I had to grin, to think about
All
The fun I had before they caught me.

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Outside Work

JAMES A. SANAKER

Solo 1
I'm a How-to-Do-It fan, sir,
All
And I always have the answer
If you ask me how to start to get it done;
Group 1
I know where to buy equipment,
Group 2
How to get a speedy shipment,
All
Where to plug in each machine so it will run.

Group 3
I know how to read the blueprint,

Group 4
How to follow any new print,

Div. 1
How to work with wood or tin or rubber foam;

Solo 2
But I'll have to come to your place,

Div. 2
It's the only safe, secure place,

All
Since my mom won't let me litter up our home.

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The Rich Man

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Group 1
The rich man has his motorcar,

Group 2
His country and his town estate.

Solo 1
He smokes a fifty-cent cigar

All
And jeers at Fate.

Group 3
He frivols through the livelong day,

Group 4
He knows not Poverty her pinch.

Div. 1 *Div. 2*
His lot seems light, his heart seems gay,

All
He has a cinch.

Div. 1
Yet though my lamp burns low and dim,

Div. 2
Though I must slave for livelihood —

Solo 2
Think you that I would change with him?

All
You bet I would!

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ABOUT CAMPING

Sand

RICHARD ARMOUR

Group 1
Sand beside the sea is pretty,
Div. 1
But in between your teeth is gritty.
Group 2
Sand is soft on joints and sockets,
Div. 2
But fills your trouser cuffs and pockets.
Group 3
Sand is nice, there is no doubt of it,
Solo
But once in hair, just won't get out of it.
Group 4
Sand would really be just dandy
All
If only it weren't quite so sandy.

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Campfire

JAMES S. TIPPETT

All
Cooking supper at a campfire!
Group 1
Telling stories by it!
Group 2
Waiting while the dark creeps closer
Div. 1
And the flames defy it!

All
Singing songs with jolly chorus!
Group 3
Sitting in the firelight!

Group 4
Watching lively sparks leap upward,
Div. 2
Mingling with the starlight!

Div. 1
Pile the wood a little higher;
Div. 2
Make the campfire brighter.
Group 1 *Group 2* *Group 3* *Group 4*
Laugh and sing and dance and chatter;
All
Let the hearts grow lighter.

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The Piper on the Hill

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

Solo
There sits a piper on the hill
All
Who pipes the livelong day,
Group 1
And when he pipes both loud and shrill,
Div. 1
The frightened people say:
Div. 2
"The wind, the wind is blowing up,
All
'Tis rising to a gale."
Group 2
The women hurry to the shore
Group 3
To watch some distant sail.
Group 4 *Group 1* *Groups 1 and 2* *Groups 1, 2, and 3*
The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind,
All
Is blowing to a gale.

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The Night Wind

EUGENE FIELD

Leader *Div. 1*
Have you ever heard the wind go "Yoooooo"?

Leader
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear.

All
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.

Solo 1
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside

All
When folks should be asleep,

Solo 2
And many and many's the time I've cried

Div. 1
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:

Solo 3
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,

Div. 2
That you wail the long hours through?"

Solo 4
And the night would say in its ghostly way:

Group 1 *All* *Div. 1*
"Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"

Solo 5
My mother told me long ago (when I was a little lad)

All
That when the night went wailing so, somebody had been bad;

Group 2
And then, when I was snug in bed, whither I had been sent,

Group 3
With the blankets pulled up round my head,

Solo 6
I'd think of what my mother'd said,

Group 4
And wonder what boy she meant!

Solo 7
And "Who's been bad today?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,

Solo 8
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:

Group 1 *All* *Div. 2*
"Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"

Group 2
That this was true I must allow —

Group 3
You'll not believe it, though!

Group 4
Yes, though I'm quite a model now, I was not always so.

Solo 9
And if you doubt what things I say,

Div. 1
Suppose you make the test;

Group 1
Suppose when you've been bad someday

Group 2
And up to bed are sent away from mother and the rest —

Div. 2
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"

Solo 10
And then you'll hear what's true;

Group 3
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:

Group 4 *All* *Div. 1*
"Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo! Yooooooooo!"

NOTE: For "Yooooooooo!" three different sounds may be used simultaneously: (1) a swishing sound of air through teeth; (2) a low whistle; (3) long-drawn-out moaning word, "Yooooooooooo!"

As the word "Yooooooooo" is repeated three times, the first one is spoken with moderate volume, the second loudly, and the third in a decrescendo.

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How to Eat Watermelons

FRANK LIBBY STANTON

All
When you slich a Georgy melon you mus' know what you is at
Solo 1
An' look out how the knife is goin' in.
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
Put one half on dis side er you — de yuther half on dat,
Solo 2
En' den you gits betwixt 'em, en begin!
All *Div. 1*
Oh, melons! Honey good ter see;
Solo 3
But we'en it come ter sweetness,
All
De melon's made fer me!

Group 1 *Group 2*
En den you puts yo' knife up, en you sorter licks de blade,
All
En never stop fer sayin' any grace;
Group 3 *Group 4*
But eat ontell you satisfy — roll over in de shade,
Solo 4
En sleep ontell de sun shine in yo' face!
All *Div. 2*
Oh, melons! Honey good ter see;
Solo 5
But we'en it come ter sweetness,
All
De melon's made fer me!

If Once You Have Slept on an Island

RACHEL FIELD

All
If once you have slept on an island,
You'll never be quite the same;
Group 1
You may look as you looked the day before
Group 2
And go by the same old name.
Group 3
You may bustle about in the street and shop;
Group 4
You may sit at home and sew,
All
But you'll see blue water and wheeling gulls
Wherever your feet may go.
Group 1
You may chat to the neighbors of this and that
Group 2
And close to your fire keep,
Div. 1
But you'll hear ship whistle and lighthouse bell
Div. 2
And tides beat through your sleep.
Group 3 *Group 4*
Oh, you won't know why, and you can't say how
Such change upon you came,
Solo
But — once you have slept on an island,
All
You'll never be quite the same.

From *Taxis and Toadstools*, by Rachel Field. Copyright, 1926, by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Shade

THEODOSIA GARRISON

Leader
The kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

Div. 1
His glorious company of trees
Solo 1
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Group 1
Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,

All
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

Group 2
The white road blisters in the sun;

Group 3
Now, half the weary journey done,

Solo 2
Enter and rest, O weary one!

Div. 2
And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Group 4
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

All
This is God's hospitality,

Solo 3
And who rests beneath a tree

All
Hath cause to thank him gratefully.

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Breakfast

ELEANOR FARJEON

Div. 1
Is it coffee for breakfast?

Solo 1
I wish it was tea!

Div. 2 *Solo 2*
Is it jam? Oh, why can't there
Be honey for me?

Group 1
Is it brown bread and butter?

Solo 3
I wish it was toast!

Group 2
Is it just bread and milk?

Solo 4
I like porridge the most.

Group 1 *Group 2*
Is it soft-boiled eggs? Brother!
I'd rather have fried.

Solo 5
You *know* I don't like soft-boiled eggs,
Though I have tried.

Group 3
Of all horrid breakfasts

Group 4
This breakfast's the worst! —

All
Who tumbled out of his bed
Wrong leg first?

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Myself

ANONYMOUS

Solo 1
I have to live with myself, and so
Group 1
I want to be fit for myself to know.
Solo 2
I want to be able, as days go by,
Group 2
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
Div. 1
I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.
Solo 3
I want to go out with my head erect,
Group 3
I want to deserve all men's respect;
All
But here in the struggle for fame and wealth,
Group 4
I want to be able to like myself.
Div. 2
I don't want to look at myself and know
All
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
Group 1
I never can hide myself from me;
Group 2
I see what others may never see;
Group 3
I know what others may never know;
Group 4
I never can fool myself, and so,
Solo 4 *All*
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.

The Glow Within

BERTON BRALEY

Div. 1
Oh, you gotta get a glory
In the work you do;
All
A hallelujah chorus
In the heart of you.
Solo 1 *Solo 2*
Paint, or tell a story,
Solo 3 *Solo 4*
Sing, or shovel coal,
Div. 2
But you gotta get a glory,
All
Or the job lacks soul.
Solo 5
Oh, Lord, give me a glory,
Div. 1
When all else is gone —
Div. 2
If you've only got a glory
All
You can still go on!
Group 1
To those who get a glory
Group 2
It is like the sun,
Group 3
And you can see it glowing
All
Through the work they've done.
Solo 6
Oh, Lord, give me a glory
Group 4
And a workman's pride,
Solo 7
For you gotta get a glory
All
Or you're dead inside!

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This Was Today

UNCLE LOUIE

All *Group 1*
This was a lovely day. Not gay,
Group 2
Nor marked in any special way
Duet *Group 3*
By rain or sun. No dreams came true;
Group 4
The sky no deeper, richer blue
All
Than yesterday. The same old sights,
And sounds, and smells, and appetites
Solo 1
As any other day . . . and yet,
All
This was a day we'll not forget!
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
We were alive, and it was good
Group 1
To smile at friends; be understood
Group 2
By ones we love; to cherish hope
Group 3
For things that are to come; to cope
Group 4
With all the day's defeats and know
That eyes can keep the same warm glow.
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
No grand events, no proud display,
Solo 2 *All*
But yet — this was a lovely day.

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Laugh It Off

HENRY RUTHERFORD ELIOT

Group 1 *All*
Are you worsted in a fight? Laugh it off!
Group 2 *All*
Are you cheated of your right? Laugh it off!
Div. 1
Don't make tragedy of trifles —
Div. 2
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles.
Solo 1 *All*
Laugh it off, young fellow, laugh it off!

Group 3 *All*
Does your work get into kinks? Laugh it off!
Group 4 *All*
Are you near all sorts of brinks? Laugh it off!
Solo 2
If it's sanity you're after,
All
There's no recipe like laughter!
Solo 3 *All*
So, laugh it off, young fellow, laugh it off!

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The Fox and the Grapes

JOSEPH LAUREN

All
One summer's day a Fox was passing through an orchard;
Solo 1
Faint was he and hungry, too.
Div. 1
When suddenly his keen eye chanced to fall
Upon a bunch of grapes above the wall.

Solo 2
"Ha! Just the thing!" he said. "Who could resist it?"
Div. 2 *Group 1* *All*
He eyed the purple cluster — jumped — and missed it.
Solo 3
"Ahem!" he coughed. "I'll take more careful aim,"
Group 2 *Div. 1*
And sprang again. Results were much the same,
Div. 2
Although his leaps were desperate and high.

Group 3
At length he paused to wipe a tearful eye,
Group 4 *Solo 4*
And shrug a shoulder. "I am not so dry,
And lunch is bound to come within the hour. . . .
All
Besides," he said, "I'm sure those grapes are sour."

From *Rainbow in the Sky*, edited by Louis Untermeyer. Used by permission of the publisher, Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Leisure

W. H. DAVIES

All
What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?
Group 1
No time to stand beneath the boughs
Div. 1
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
Group 2
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.
Group 3
No time to see in broad daylight
All
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

Group 4
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.
Div. 2
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.
All
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

From *The Collected Poems of W. H. Davies.* Used by permission of the publisher, Jonathan Cape Limited, London, and Mrs. W. H. Davies.

To the Yearners

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Leader
Do you feel the call of the sudden Spring?
Group 1
Do you long for the Open Road?
Group 2
Do you crave to fly with an eager wing
Div. 1
To a beautiful antipode?

Group 3
Do you long for the waves and the Open Sea?
Group 4
And yearn for the varying shore?
Group 1 *Groups 1 and 2* *Groups 1, 2, and 3*
Do you burn to be free, be free, be free
All
Where your soul may soar and soar?

Div. 1
Do you ache for the Land of a Fairer Day?
Div. 2
Are you sick of the Beaten Track?
All
Do you hark to the call of the Far Away?
Solo Leader
Well, don't let me keep you back.

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The Two Frogs

UNKNOWN

All
Two frogs fell into a milk pail deep,
Duet
Gr-r-r-rump, gr-r-r-rump, gr-r-r-rump!
Group 1
And one poor frog did nothing but weep.
Group 2
He sank to the bottom as heavy as lead,
All
And there in the morning they found him dead.
Solo 1
Gump, gump, gump!

Div. 1 *Solo 2*
The other frog shouted, "I'll have a good try.
The pail may be deep, but I don't want to die."
Solo 3
Gr-r-r-rump, gr-r-r-rump, gr-r-r-rump!

Div. 2
He churned up the milk with his legs fore and hind —
All
There's nothing like having a masterful mind,
Group 3
For when the next morning this froggy was found,
Group 4
On a pat of fresh butter he floated around.
All
Gr-r-r-r-room, gr-r-r-r-room, gr-r-r-r-room!

Breaking the Ice

UNKNOWN

Div. 1 *Solo 1*
Slippery ice, very thin,
All
Pretty girl tumbled in.
Group 1
Saw a boy on the bank,
Group 2 *Group 3*
Gave a shriek, and then she sank.
Solo 2
Boy on bank heard her shout,
Group 4 *Div. 2*
Jumped right in and pulled her out.
Duet *Solo 3*
Now they're married, very nice;
All
But she had to break the ice.

Campfire Caper

ANONYMOUS

All
Heine danced round on his hickory limb,
Solo 1 *Div. 1* *Solo 2* *Div. 2* *All*
His hick, hick-hick, hick, hick-hick, hickory limb.
Duet *Solo 3*
Said Lena to Heine, "You dance with your peg
All
Almost as well as you do with your leg."
Div. 1
So Heine danced round on his hickory limb,
Solo 4 *Div. 1* *Solo 5* *Div. 2* *All*
His hick, hick-hick, hick, hick-hick, hickory limb.
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
The crowd they got sore, he made dents in the floor
Solo 6 *Div. 1* *Solo 7* *Div. 2* *All*
With his hick, hick-hick, hick, hick-hick, hickory limb.

The Dyspeptic Cannibal

A. E. DICKEY

Solo 1
A cannibal was seated on a green Pacific isle,
All
With the temperature at ninety-nine degrees;
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
His dress was rather scanty, in the latest savage style,
Duet
Just a pair of Boston garters round his knees.

Solo 2 *Div. 1*
But he didn't seem quite happy, for now and then a groan
All
Escaped — which tore his savage heart in two;
Div. 2
And he chanted in a melancholy, meditative tone
All
The ditty that I now repeat to you!

Group 1
"I've eaten hostile tribesmen without a single question;
Group 2
I've feasted on the yellow, black, and brown;
Solo 3
But I never have encountered such a fit of indigestion
All
As accompanied that minister from town.

Div. 1 *Group 3*
"I have tried the U-am-bago, boiled and roasted,
Group 4
baked and fried;
Div. 2 *Solo 4*
I have chewed the wooly Oo-lah, stuffed with yam;
All
But for all the aftersymptoms from the dishes we have tried
Solo 5 *All*
I wouldn't give a Bam-bal-loa-dam!"

The Giant's Shoes

EDWINA FALLIS

All
There once was a giant who needed new shoes,

Div. 1 *Div. 2* *All*
Left! Right! Tie them up tight!

Solo 1
Said he, "I'll go to the shoe store and choose."

Div. 1 *Div. 2* *All*
Left! Right! Tie them up tight!

Group 1 *Group 2* *Group 3* *Group 4*
"High ones and low ones and black ones and brown."

Div. 1 *Div. 2* *All*
Left! Right! Tie them up tight!

Solo 2
"Give me the biggest you have in the town."

Div. 1 *Div. 2* *All*
Left! Right! Tie them up tight!

Solo 3
The shoeman said, "These are the biggest I've got."

Div. 1 *Div. 2* *All*
Left! Right! Tie them up tight!

Solo 4
"Take them and try them and keep them or not."

Div. 1 *Div. 2* *All*
Left! Right! Tie them up tight!

Solo 5
"They fit," said the giant, "and squeak, I'll buy them."

Div. 1 *Div. 2* *All*
Left! Right! Tie them up tight!

Solo 6 *Group 1*
He wore them all year 'cause he couldn't untie them.

Group 2 *Group 3*
Untie them? Untie them!

Group 4 *All*
He wore them all year 'cause he couldn't untie them!

From *The Child and Things*, by Edwina Fallis. Used by permission of World Book Company.

Ingenious

JOHN BENNETT

Solo 1
A little old man of the sea
All
Went out in a boat for a sail:
Div. 1
The water came in
Div. 2
Almost up to his chin
All
And he had nothing with which to bail.

Solo 2
But this little old man of the sea
Div. 1
Just drew out his jackknife so stout
Div. 2
And a hole with its blade
In the bottom he made
All
So that all of the water ran out.

The Tough Armadillo

CAROLYN WELLS

Solo
There once was a tough armadillo,
All
Who built him a hut 'neath a willow;
Div. 1
He hadn't a bed
Div. 2
So he rested his head
All
On a young porcupine for a pillow.

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"Hiking Hit"

ANONYMOUS

Solo 1
There once was a youngster named Danny,
All
Who tackled a big, ripe bananny;
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
The thing was so slick and it slipped down so quick
All
He got scared and he yelled for his mammy.

Solo 2
And Mammy, she hollered for Annie,
Solo 3
And Annie roared loudly for Fannie;
Duet *Trio*
And Fannie and Annie helped Mammy stand Danny
All
On his head, and shake out the bananny.

The Sad Tale of Mr. Mears

UNKNOWN

All
There was a man who had a clock,
Solo 1
His name was Matthew Mears;
Div. 1
And every day he wound that clock
All
For eight and twenty years.

Div. 2
And then one day he found the clock
An eight-day clock to be,
Solo 2
And a madder man than Matthew Mears
All
You would not wish to see.

The Elephant and the Giraffe

CHARLOTTE OSGOOD CARTER

Solo
Said the elephant to the giraffe,
All
"Your neck is too long by one half."
Div. 1
He replied, "Since your nose
Div. 2
Reaches down to your toes
All
At others you'd better not laugh."

The Old Lady from Dover

CAROLYN WELLS

Solo
There was an old lady of Dover
All
Who baked an apple turnover.
Div. 1
But the cat came that way,
Div. 2
And she watched with dismay
All
The overturn of her turnover.

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Thick-skinned

ANONYMOUS

Solo
There was a young man so benighted,
All
He never knew when he was slighted.
Div. 1
He'd attend any party
Div. 2
And eat just as hearty
All
As if he'd been really invited.

The Butter Betty Bought

ANONYMOUS

All
Betty Bottar bought some butter;
Solo 1 *All* *Solo 1*
"But," said she, "this butter's bitter!
Solo 2
If I put it in my batter
Div. 1
It will make my batter bitter.
Div. 2
But a bit of better butter
Solo 3
Will but make my batter better."
Div. 1
So she bought a bit o' butter,
Div. 2
Made her bitter batter better.
Solo 4
So 'twas better Betty Bottar
All
Bought a bit o' better butter.

The 4:04 [1] Train

CAROLYN WELLS

Solo 1 *Div. 1*
"There's a train at 4:04," said Miss Jenny;
Solo 1
"Four tickets I'll take. Have you any?"
Div. 2
Said the man at the door:
Solo 2
"Not four for 4:04,
All
For four for 4:04 is too many."

[1] Pronounced "four-four."

It Happens, Often

EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON

All
There was a man in our town
Solo 1
Whose Christian name was Jim;
Group 1
He stepped into a pot of glue
Group 2
And fell and broke his limb.
Div. 1
The doctors tried to set it,
All
But still it would not mend;
Group 3 *Div. 2*
He limped about, and would, no doubt,
Be limping to the end,
Solo 2
But on a day it happened
Group 3
He walked abroad, and then
Solo 3
He stepped into some other glue,
Group 4
And broke his leg again.
Div. 1
And when his leg was mended,
Div. 2
And he was out once more,
All
Both leg and man were stronger than
They'd ever been before.

"Phooey!"

UNKNOWN

Solo
A fly and a flea in a flue
All
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Div. 1
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
Div. 2
"Let us fly!" said the flee.
All
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

The Smile

ANTHONY EUWER

Solo
No matter how grouchy you're feeling,
All
You'll find the smile more or less healing.
Div. 1
It grows in a wreath
Div. 2
All around the front teeth —
All
Thus preserving the face from congealing.

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Take It Easy

ANONYMOUS

Solo
There was a young fellow from Rye,
All
Who rode to New York on a fly.
Div. 1
They said, "If you cough
Div. 2
You are sure to fall off
All
And land in the Sweet Bye and Bye."

Jim Bludso

JOHN HAY

Solo 1
Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Div. 1
Because he don't live, you see;
Solo 2
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
All
Of livin' like you and me.
Solo 3
Whar have you been for the last three years,
Div. 2
That you haven't heard folks tell
Solo 4
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
All
The night of the Prairie Belle?
Solo 5
And this was all the religion he had:
Group 1
To treat his engine well;
Group 2
Never be passed on the river;
Group 3
To mind the pilot's bell;
Solo 6
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
All
A thousand times he swore
Group 4
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Solo 7
Till the last soul got ashore.
Div. 1
Well, she came atearin' along one night,
The oldest craft on the line,

Solo 8
With a deck hand squat on her safety valve,
Div. 2
And her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.
Group 1
A fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
Group 2
And burnt a hole in the night,
All
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For the willer bank on the right.
Group 3 *Group 4* *All*
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
Solo 9
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."
Div. 1
Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
All
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
Div. 2
And know'd he would keep his word.
All
And sure as you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell —
Solo 10
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
All
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

Carefully Taught

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

All
You've got to be taught to hate and fear,
Group 1
You've got to be taught from year to year;
Group 2
It's got to be drummed in your dear little ear —
All
You've got to be carefully taught.

Div. 1
You've got to be taught to be afraid
Of people whose eyes are queerly made,
Group 3
Of people whose skin is a different shade,
Div. 2
You've got to be carefully taught.

All
You've got to be taught before it's too late,
Solo 1 *Solo 2* *Solo 3*
Before you are six or seven or eight,
Group 4
To hate all the people your relatives hate,
All
You've got to be carefully taught!

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If I Knew You and You Knew Me

NIXON WATERMAN

Solo 1
If I knew you and you knew me —
Duet
If both of us could clearly see,
All
And with an inner light divine,
The meaning of your heart and mine —
Div. 1
I'm sure that we would differ less
Div. 2
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Group 1
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
All
If I knew you and you knew me.

Solo 2
If I knew you and you knew me,
Group 2
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
Group 3
And see therein a truer grace.
Div. 1
Life has so many hidden woes,
Div. 2
So many thorns for every rose;
Group 4
The "why" of things our hearts would see,
All
If I knew you and you knew me.

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The Quarrel

ELEANOR FARJEON

All
I quarreled with my brother,
Solo 1
I don't know what about,
Group 1
One thing led to another
Group 2
And somehow we fell out.
Group 3
The start of it was slight,
All
The end of it was strong,
Group 4
He said that he was right,
Solo 2
I knew that he was wrong!

Div. 1
We hated one another.
Div. 2
The afternoon turned black.
Solo 3
Then suddenly my brother
Thumped me on the back,
Solo 4
And said, "Oh, *come* along!
We can't go on all night —
I was in the wrong."
All
So he was in the right.

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The Service

BURGES JOHNSON

Solo 1
I was third man running in a race,
All
And memory still must run it o'er and o'er:
Group 1
The pounding heart that beat against my frame;
Group 2
The wind that dried the sweat upon my face
Group 3
And turned my throat to paper, creased and sore;
Group 4
The jabbing pain that sharply went and came.

Solo 2
My eyes saw nothing save a strip of road
All
That flaunted there behind the second man;
Group 1 *Group 2*
It swam and blurred, yet still it lay before.
Group 3 *Group 4*
My legs seemed none of mine, but rhythmic strode
Solo 3
Unconscious of my will that urged, "You can!"
Div. 1
And cried at them to make one effort more.

All
Then suddenly there broke a wave of sound —
Div. 2
Crowds shouting when the first man struck the tape;
Div. 1
And then the second roused that friendly din;
Solo 4 *Group 1*
While I, I stumbled forward and the ground
Group 2
All wavered 'neath my feet, while men agape,
All
But silent, saw me as I staggered in.

Solo 5
As sick in heart and flesh I bent my head,
Duet *Solo 6*
Two seized me and embraced me, and one cried,
"Your thudding footsteps held me to the grind."
Group 3
And then the winner, smiling wanly, said,
Div. 2
"No dream of record kept me to my stride —
Solo 7
I dreaded you two thundering behind."

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Gossip

LEXIE DEAN ROBERTSON

All
Before I knew how cruel
Just common talk can be,
Solo 1
I thought that words were singing things
All
With colors like the sea.

Div. 1
But since I've felt their caustic lash,
Div. 2
And know how they can sting,
Solo 2
I hold my breath when words go by
All
For fear they will not sing.

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ABOUT OUR THOUGHTFUL MOMENTS

Awareness

MIRIAM TEICHNER

Solo 1
God — let me be aware.
Div. 1
Let me not stumble blindly down the ways,
Div. 2
Just getting somehow safely through the days,
Group 1
Not even groping for another hand,
Group 2
Not even wondering why it all was planned,
Group 3
Eyes to the ground unseeking for the light,
Group 4
Soul never aching for a wild-winged flight,
Solo 2
Please, keep me eager just to do my share.
All
God — let me be aware.

Solo 3
God — let me be aware.
All
Stab my soul fiercely with others' pain,
Group 1
Let me walk seeing horror and stain.
Group 2
Let my hands, groping, find other hands.
Group 3 *Group 4*
Give me the heart that divines, understands.
All
Give me courage, wounded, to fight.
Div. 1 *Div. 2*
Flood me with knowledge, drench me in light.
Solo 4
Please, keep me eager just to do my share.
All
God — let me be aware.

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Nobility

PHOEBE CARY

All *Solo 1*
True worth is in *being*, not *seeming* —
Group 1
In doing each day that goes by
Div. 1
Some little good — not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
Div. 2
For whatever men say in their blindness,
Div. 1
And spite of fancies of youth,
Group 2
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
All
And nothing so royal as truth.

Solo 2
We get back our mete as we measure —
Group 3
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Group 4
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
All
For justice avengeth each slight.
Group 1
We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Group 2
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
All
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which it gets.
Group 3
For good lieth not in pursuing
Group 4
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
Solo 3 *All*
But just in the doing, and doing
As you would be done by, that's all.

What He Got Out of It

S. E. KISER

Group 1
He never took a day of rest,
Div. 1
He couldn't afford it;
Group 2
He never had his trousers pressed,
Div. 2
He couldn't afford it;
Group 3 *Solo 1*
He never went away, carefree,
Group 3 *Group 4*
To visit distant lands, to see
How fair a place this world might be —
All
He couldn't afford it.

Group 1
He never went to see a play,
Div. 1
He couldn't afford it;
Group 2
His love for art he put away,
Div. 2
He couldn't afford it.
Group 3
He died and left his heirs a lot,
Solo 2
But no tall shaft proclaims the spot
All
In which he lies — his children thought
They couldn't afford it.

From Psalm 8

KING JAMES VERSION

Solo 1
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,

Duet *All*
the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

Solo 2
What is man, that thou art mindful of *him?*

Solo 3
and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

Div. 1
For thou hast made him little lower than the angels,

All
and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Div. 2
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Div. 1
thou hast put all things under his feet:

Group 1 *Group 2*
All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

Group 3 *Group 4*
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,

Div. 2
and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

All
O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Psalm 121

KING JAMES VERSION

All
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.

Solo 1
From whence cometh my help?

All
My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

Group 1
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:

Group 2
he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

All
Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

Solo 2
The Lord is thy keeper:

Solo 3
the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

Group 3 *Group 4*
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

Div. 1
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:

All
he shall preserve thy soul.

Div. 2
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in

All
from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Today

THOMAS CARLYLE

All
So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:

Solo 1
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Div. 1
Out of Eternity
This new day was born;

Div. 2
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Solo 2
Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;

Div. 1
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Div. 2
Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:

Solo 3 *All*
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Be Strong

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

Solo 1
Be strong!

Group 1 *Group 2* *Group 3*
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;

Div. 1 *Div. 2*
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;

Group 4 *Div. 1* *All*
Shun not the struggle: face it, 'tis God's gift.

Solo 2
Be strong!

Group 1 *Div. 2*
Say not the days are evil — who's to blame?

Group 2 *Group 3* *Solo 3*
And fold the hands and acquiesce — O shame!

Div. 1 *Div. 2* *Div. 1* *All*
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Solo 4
Be strong!

Group 4
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,

Groups 1 and 2 *Group 3*
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long;

Group 4 *Div. 2* *All*
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

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The Upward Road

MARY S. EDGAR

All
I will follow the upward road today,
Group 1
I will keep my face to the light,
Group 2
I will think high thoughts as I go my way,
All
And will do what I know is right,
Group 3
I will look for the flowers by the side of the road,
Group 4
I will laugh and love and be strong,
All
I will try to lighten another's load,
This day as I fare along.

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